

-THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Election Day Difficulties Beset Women

When One Is Only a Poor, Weak Female, It Is An Awful Thing to Be An Interested Spectator At Election Time, for Nobody Wants to Be Bothered With Us. Yet We Must Be Taken Care Of!

By a Woman.
H AVE PITY on me. For I am a woman. The election means more to me than even my new fall hat, or my suit, or my shoes. Yet I am counted as a rank outsider. Just because I am not considered proper for me to appear in saloons and on the streets, unescorted at night, I am left alone. My male relatives do not wish to be bothered with me. I am an exasperating baggage. I have no place to go. Even though I have professed my willingness to sit alone in a theater, and go home in a cab, they say I must have an escort. Yet no one is willing to take the job. I can go to the market on Saturday night alone, carry a basket, brush my shoulders with all sorts of characters, bicker with terrible looking people, and stay out even unto the hour of eleven. I can plow through the stores on Christmas Eve alone. I can seek my small son at the hour of dusk on the highway, on the by-way. I can stay alone in a house for weeks with robbers, plumbers, and other dangerous characters. I can vote and enter into the marts of trade. Yet I cannot go downtown alone on election night! Woe is me!

RECIPES

Potato Pudding.

Eight tablespoonfuls of grated, neatly beated potatoes (those left from the day before are best), eight eggs, eight tablespoonfuls sugar and the juice of one and a half lemons.

Beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar until very light. Then add the potatoes and the lemon juice. Mix well and add the white of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Serve with lemon juice.

Mock Mince Pie.

Four crackers, rolled; one and a half cups sugar, one cup molasses, one-half cup boiled cider, one and one-half cups raisins, seeded and chopped; one-half cup butter, spice to taste. Bake with two crusts.

Pork Shanks en Casserole.

Skin and wash two pork shanks. Dress in flour and brown nicely in butter, lard or bacon fat. Place in casserole and barely cover with hot water (drained from frying pan). An hour before serving add salt and pepper to taste, six young carrots cut in quarters and a pint of small potatoes peeled. Thicken gravy and pour all in platter with biscuits.

Grape Preserves.

Take fine ripe grapes and first thoroughly wash, pick carefully from stems and pop pulp from skins, doing two at a time, one in each hand between the thumb and forefinger. Put the pulp in a preserving kettle and stew gently until the seeds are loosened; then strain and rub it through a sieve or fine colander. Add the skins and weigh, and to every pound of this add one pound of granulated sugar. Put the skins and juice in a kettle, cover closely, and cook slowly until the skins are tender. While still boiling add the sugar and turn the fire very low, then keep very hot for fifteen minutes, and when the sugar is thoroughly dissolved pour the fruit in jars and seal at once.

Times Pattern Service

FOR all practical needs, this is the style of blouse to choose. A tuck in each front turned toward the armhole gives a very pretty line; the collar is simple, but one is impressed with its cut at front. The plain sleeve may be long or short, finished with a neat cuff. Front closing with large buttons and loops that serve as a decoration as well, is a "fashion act." The pattern will prove its worth and increase your willingness to make another blouse.

Cut in sizes 36 to 44 bust measure.

To make in size 36 will require 2 1/4 yards 36-inch material.

To obtain this pattern fill out the coupon and enclose 10 cents in stamps or coin. Address Pattern Department, Washington Times, Munsey Building, D. C.

The Washington Times guarantees the delivery of all patterns sent through this service. No patterns can be obtained in person.

Pattern orders will be filled for the filling of pattern orders. If patterns do not come within that time notify this office for adjustment.

(SIZE MUST BE PUT ON COUPON.)

THE TIMES PATTERN SERVICE

Name

No. 965. Street and Number.

Size Desired. City and State.

Edward H. Sothorn, Author, Is Introduced Through "The Melancholy Tale of Me"

How E. A. Sothorn, E. H. Sothorn, Sam Sothorn, and Joseph Jefferson Played at "Mugger's Leap" Is Only One of the Bits Which Make This Biography Interesting; But It Is More Than Interesting, It Is Alive!

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

T HERE are in this world a whole race of pessimistic people, who never see anything but the hole in doughnuts, and the flea on nice companionable dogs. They are the ones who always wear wool underwear as if it were a corset and who love to say "Ah, youth, youth! Once gone it is gone. The golden age can never live again." They should be very careful not to read "The Melancholy Tale of Me," by E. H. Sothorn. If they did, they might be tempted to want to change their ideas, and that would be terribly painful. We warn them personally against this book.

For Mr. Sothorn has written a tale which brings back one's childhood with startling distinctness, and which makes one live again in the glamour of a past time. That the golden age can come back, even though it be through the medium of a book. Not content with being much loved and highly esteemed in the theatrical world, Mr. Sothorn has taken to authorship, with such signal success that we look forward hopefully to the time when he shall give another bit of printed material to the public.

Master of His Art.

Quite naturally, this autobiography should be intensely interesting—it couldn't escape it, even if Mr. Sothorn should have turned out to be a second Henry James. But he didn't turn out that way, but another. Along with Kenneth Graham he stands as a consummate master in the art of luring the reader back to the golden age when little occasions were big occasions, and uncles were heroes, and everything was overcast with the veil of romance. That ability isn't generally present in autobiographers. The real test of the success of Mr. Sothorn's book is that when one reads it, one feels quite certain that it would be exactly as seductively delightful if the characters were mere folks, and not important personages of the English and American stage.

Stories Touched by Art.

The first portion of "Me" is devoted to memories of childhood, and is the particular portion which makes one think of Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age." However, the stories and tales of a later day bear just as truly the touch of art. Here is a tiny excerpt just to show what we mean. When you get through with it you are not reminded of the private pet game YOU used to play—when you probably qualify as a "doughnut," nice dogs, and woolen underwear.

When Joseph Jefferson Visited England about this period to play "Rip Van Winkle" in London, Mr. Jefferson stayed at our house in Kensington. You who remember the sweet and gentle pirate chief will smile to know that a famous pirate chief was coming to hide from the officers of the law.

"Shortly Jefferson arrived, wrapped up in a very large greatcoat, and accompanied by his son Charles, who had come with an accident on shipboard. Charles was carried carefully into a room on the ground floor, and Jefferson and my father were closeted for a while making Charles comfortable in bed. When my father came out I and my brothers were peering through the banisters at the door of the pirate."

"Hush!" said my father. "There has been a terrible battle on the high seas. The pirate chief will be hanged if anybody speaks, and his first mate is full of cannon balls. There is only one thing to do, and that is to give up talking and stand on one leg. Quick! There is no time to lose. Hush!" and he left us.

"Shortly Mr. Jefferson came out of the room and found three little boys each standing on one leg on the staircase."

"Whenever my father's acting sea-

son was over we would be off to the seaside for the holiday. These halcyon days at Ramsgate are especially vivid still—Ramsgate, made immortal in the "Bab Ballads" and in the "Ingoldby Legends" by the fearsome tale of "Smuggler Bill," who was wrecked over the cliff by the devil himself.

Read of "Smuggler Bill."

"Here on the very spot my father used to read to three delightfully terrified children the blood curdling adventure of 'Smuggler Bill.' When he would reach the word 'Bang!' there was an awful effect, for he had begun the verse in a low, mysterious tone, very tense, and holding on to us as though to protect us from impending danger. He proceeded rapidly in this hushed, tense tone until he reached the word 'Bang!' which he would give out with such a shout that the cavern echoed again, and we, gloriously frightened, would be hurled from him by the force of the explosion, huddled together and wide-eyed, to approach again for the next verse, and the next shock. These nerve-racking recitations especially appealed to my small brother Sam, who would frequently drag my father from his writing desk, or even from his meals, saying 'Ta wants the 'Mugger's Leap.'"

"Don't shoot!" said my elder brother. "Bang!" shouted Mr. Jefferson, and the three small lads fled in dismay. "It did not take long for us to make friends with this 'terror of the sea.' We were soon taken to see 'Rip' and then we played 'Rip' ourselves, assisted by Joe Jefferson. In those days we played many plays. The rockery in our garden very readily became a wild spot in the Kaatskill Mountains. 'Sleepy Hollow' materialized with the swift magic of childhood's thought, which can make one a gnome, or a giant, or a fies, or an elephant within the twinkling of an eye. My brother Sam was a gnome, and had to crawl about on all fours. He, however, was very mutinous, and no matter what character we cast him for, he would insist on introducing the climactic speech from my father's performance of 'Roadside,' where the hero cries: 'Up, guinea, and at 'em.' Quite regardless of plot or play, Sam would cry this at inopportune moments, and when rebuked would mutter in his own secret language and conspire against our peace of mind."

Nursed on Many Knees.

"I have been," comments Mr. Sothorn, "nursed on more knees than any other baby in America. While the men and women of my father's generation were yet alive I would constantly meet elder people, people male and female, who would exclaim: 'Why, I nursed you when you were a baby.' Old Coultord, when you were a baby, old Stoddard, William Warren, Mrs. Vincent—I could name a thousand in public and private life whose knees had accommodated me. From knee to knee I would seem to have hopped as birds from bough to bough. I must have reposed upon as many bosoms as did Winkie in London, on four post beds. Whether I was nursed thus because I was beautiful or good, or because the last good Samaritan desired to hand me on rapidly to the next, history saith not. Perchance my mother, in her busy life at that time, had constantly to say to the bystanders: 'Here! hold the baby!' while she ran to take up her coat at rehearsal; the infant would have to be controlled by an alien hand, while I hid a 'cock-horse' and a 'pat-a-cake,'

The Alphabetical Dots

By CLIFFORD LEON SHERMAN.



"What did you do when you were young?" demanded Tommy, who wanted to hear the rest of the experience.

"I tried to keep from getting rattled," answered my father, "and kept walking north as long as the sun was up. But when night came I was tired, and as I was getting away from the mountains I laid down on a soft mound of sand and went to sleep. At daybreak I was

awakened by a bark. I thought I had been missed and that some men with dogs had found me, but I soon discovered that I was mistaken. It was a

(To complete the picture draw a straight line from the dot marked A to the dot marked B and so on through the alphabet.)

(Copyright, 1916, by John N. Wheeler, Inc.)



"Me." About the Time When He First Chose a Profession.

baker's man may have been sung in my ear by many an unwilling nurse. It is not always that one may excite admiration concerning one's personal charms before one has entered upon this stage of fools. Such, however, was my good fortune. I have a letter, written by my father from New Orleans to his sister in England, it says:

"Lytton is the most strictly beautiful child you ever saw. Fan (my mother) is looking over my shoulder as I write and says: 'Of course, the baby will be the same.'"

"Baby Was Myself."

"The baby was myself. On December 6, 1859, at 79 Bienville street, New Orleans, the baby appeared. My father, careful to remember unimportant details, made a memorandum in a scrap book of theatrical notes; among other notes, such as the sum due his landlady and the number and variety of articles of clothing in the wash, he had jotted down: 'December 6, 1859, 4 a. m. 79 Bienville street, New Orleans, boy born.'"

"One is apt to forget a thing like that, but I may readily be misled, and it is always wise to make notes." And there is a great deal more, just as delightful in "The Melancholy Tale of Me." Personally we think it is the best reading reminiscences ever written, but that doesn't preclude anybody in the world buying the book, reading it, and forming a private opinion. Incidentally, there is a well-authenticated rumor that for a small consideration to be devoted to the British

Pain Is Felt Close to Trouble Seat, Not, As Many Believe, In Brain

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

A CHEN AND PAINS are as realistic as sights and sounds. Each are transferred by way of the sense nerves to the other tissues such as the muscles. Whenever any one tells you that a pain is "imaginary," they are telling the truth in an entirely different way than the one intended. What they mean to convey is that the victim has no pain at all, but merely has a hallucination of suffering. What they actually say is that the person afflicted has a pain impression, which is the truth.

An "imaginary pain" is an honest-to-goodness cross-in-the-heart ache. In your cosmos there is something to incite the sense of pain, just as light excites the sense of sight. To be sure, just as Joan of Arc had visions, just as paranoiacs have delusions, just as the alcoholic insane have hallucinations, some with a mental twist, an internal disorder of their senses and tissues might have "parasthesias" or pains not due to the usual realities of nature. Treatless insanity considers such conditions.

Pain is not so easily dismissed in persons with clear intellects. It is not disposed of as easily as Spartans, Stoics, Sioux Indians, and other brave persons would have you believe. There is almost always a physical basis of pain, just as there is of sight, sound, smell, taste, touch and other sensations. To deny pain is much the same as to deny hearing or muscle sense.

A Popular Fallacy.

There is a difference, of course, between sight, sound, and pain. This difference consists in the specific and particular location of the other senses. The location of pain, may be described as being like the Irishman's flea. When ever you put your finger on it, it is not there. A toothache may be the other tooth, the one you told the dentist to pull.

Children with serious hip-joint diseases have pains in the lower leg, which foolish parents lightly dismiss as "growing pains," as if hair, nails, bones, flesh, and blood ever give pain as they grow. There are no such things as "growing pains," and it is high time every mother's son of a civilized nation knew it.

Pains in the back, hip, knee, and other remote places are often traced to flat feet, fallen arches, and other distant areas. Colicky and crampy feel-

ings are felt in the front of the abdomen, but the trouble is located in the abdominal chamber among the coils of the intestines.

A famous writer on pain says that the "sensation of discomfort, that disturbance of sensation which we call pain, is felt only in the brain, and hence, strictly speaking, exists there."

Special Sense Organ. There is not only no pain in the brain, but the brain is as lacking in any kind of sensation as is the switchboard in the central station of a telephone exchange. The brain, like the nerves, merely transfers, conveys, and passes on sensations of pain or sight or sound to the other tissues, where they are coordinated and fused into memories and motions, materials and issue substances.

Merely to block or deaden a nerve string—as is done by physiologists from the seat of pain to its link with the brain, does not prove that the brain holds this sensation. The same thing may be repeated with hundreds of different kinds of animals which have no brains. These creatures exhibit sensations to pain.

To pick out a nerve as surgeons do, to inject into it novocaine to stop the pain, demonstrates that the sensation of pain is in the sensory organ and not in the brain. Animals move without brains, just as they feel pain without them.

Obviously, the anatomy and physiology of man is in a fair way to be better understood, now that the brain fetch and whisk of this false god of the mind like Balaam's ass has been thrown. If practical treatments and cures of troublesome sensations are directed at the source of the mischief, instead of at the transfer exchange, the brain, permanent benefits may be looked for.

(Copyright, 1916, by Newspaper Feature Service.)

Ten Commandments of Youth

1. Have one chief, absorbing interest in life!

2. Have other interests. "Little interests" of life, to keep you from becoming one-sided.

3. Decide what are the essentials of your life and concentrate upon them.

4. Decide what are the non-essentials and disregard them.

5. Be interested in everything that happens, for the moment, but do not let interest become too deep.

6. Eat what you like when you like, but not as much as you like.

7. Drink much water and lemonade.

8. Sleep whenever you are sleepy.

9. Stop to rest for a minute, many times a day. These little rests prolong life.

10. Find your work. Then regard that work as a pleasure, not a penalty.

"Cottolene makes good cooking better"

CHICK FAIRBANKS

Cottolene

"The Natural Shortening"

For shortening and frying doughnuts Cottolene is without an equal.

They come out light, crisp and delicious. Use Cottolene for all shortening and frying.

Cottolene is put up in large and small pails. Give your grocer an order today for a regular supply.

"Cottolene makes good cooking better"

CHICK FAIRBANKS

AMUSEMENTS

NEW NATIONAL THIS WEEK

Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT

And Complete Acting Company—Tonight

Cleopatra, Peace at Home, Jeanne d'Arc, Rosalie, Ashes of Ophium.

Note—Election Returns Will Be Read From Stage Between Acts

Next Week—Wed. & Sat. Mats.

A. H. WOODS Presents

JANE COWL

COMMON CLAY

By CLEVELAND KINKEAD

One Year at Republic Theater, New York.

BURTON HOLMES BEGINS NOV. 15.

Friday, 4:30, Joint Recital

PAUL ALTHOUSE

Leginska

PIANIST

TENOR

Second Concert: Ten Star Series.

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

1306 G St. N. W.

FRITZ KREISLER

RECITAL

National Theater, Thurs., Nov. 16, 4:30.

Prices: \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c, 25c.

Seats now on sale at concert office in Droop's 13th and G.

B. F. KEITH'S

Twice Every Day

Election Night—2 Shows: 7:45 and 10:15.

The Singer Who Acts and the Actress Who Sings

NORA BAYES

CHARLES KELLOGG.

Whitfield, Ireland & Co., Adams & Murray, Nina Valeri, Five Other Stars.

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week

Next STELLA MAYHEW and Billee Taylor

Week